

Rarely have so many expressions of regret been heard as were uttered a few days ago at the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Carl Stanton Lay, Jr. He was born in Jacksonville, Ala., on August 4, 1909, and died in Gadsden, Ala., on May 24, 1912.

He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lay, the only grandson of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lay and the only grandchild of Mrs. Sallie Forney Caldwell, of Jacksonville. In the sweet congenial home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lay, where he spent his brief life, he was the brightest jewel, and to his Grandmother Caldwell he was a priceless treasure. No child was ever blessed with a more devoted unselfish mother and loving father. He numbered in every neighbor and acquaintance an admiring friend. Many loved him for his gentle spirit, and remarkable intellect. We could no more help loving him than we could help loving the sunlight or the song-birds and the flowers.

He was manly and courteous. His intercourse with his little friends was marked by his truthfulness and kindness. Obedience to his mother seemed a natural instinct. His appreciation of all who loved him and were kind to him was evident in his daily life, and even in his last hours. Though young in years, he was noble in impulse, winning in manners, and chaste in language. His bright mind was ever reaching out for information; his questions always giving evidence of thought. He was a delightful little companion in an hour of quiet study. He could talk intelligently of the Bible stories he had learned. His comments about pictures he saw of people, animals and countries showed a remarkable understanding and memory, and his knowledge of nature study was most astonishing.

His sweet spirit was ripe for the realm where he has found joy unchanging. His little span of life here was so full of beauty that the memory of him will ever be an inspiration to those who love him to live closer to God, so they too may be transplanted to that genial clime where his little soul is unfolding in greater perfection.

It is a privilege to contribute to Heaven a precious child before the world has breathed a blight upon his innocence. The atonement of Christ has made sure his salvation; he has escaped the woes and trials that beset the path of life, and sin can have no power over him. There are no steps for him to retrace, no errors to mourn over, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Our little Carl, whom we loved and for whom we cherished such fond hopes, was too pure for this sin-cursed world. Jesus bade him "come" to His loving embrace. He is a jewel bright in the Savior's crown.

Mother, father, grandparents, loving relatives and friends, we must not wish him back. He is waiting and watching for the "coming" of those whose hearts are sorrowing over his going away.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"My Lord hath need of the flowerets gay,"

The reaper said and smiled:

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where He was once a child."

ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

I MISS YOU SO.

I miss you sometimes—

When weighty problems vex and fret My mind, and hands grow tired Of reaching for the things they never get;

And my dry eyes are hot with unshed tears.

I miss you so!

I miss you sometimes—

When at the ending of the day.

As twilight falls, I seem to catch The scent of roses from an old dead May
And seem to hold again your hand—

I miss you so!

I miss you sometimes—

When I awaken from some fitful dream

Wherein you come as in the long ago Just mine alone, and when I seem To feel your lips — and then—

I miss you so!

I miss you sometimes—

And all of life seems want and pain, While in the turmoil and strife I try to pray for your dear arms again,
To hold me as no others can— I miss you so!

I want you, sometimes—

That nothing else seems worth the while,

I long so for your dear, clinging lips, Your gentle eyes and the bewitching smile,

They used to hold before I came To miss and want you so!